

TLS Commentary

Horowitz's half-century

By Samuel Lipman

Classical music, already obsessed by past glories, celebrated yet another historical occasion on the second Sunday of this month in New York's venerable Carnegie Hall. The seventy-three-year-old pianist Vladimir Horowitz made his first orchestral appearance in his twenty-fifth year, performing the Rachmaninov Third Concerto with the New York Philharmonic conducted by Eugene Ormandy. As has been the case with each of Horowitz's concerts since his triumphant return to the recital stage in 1965, tickets were quickly snapped up: this time instead of the chic who must be everywhere exciting and the many pianists anxious to witness the latest manifestation of their hero, the lucky holders were the subscribers to the Philharmonic. If the mere fact of the pianist's playing with orchestra—especially when and technically so fully ripe—would by itself have been an importance, the wider context in which he chose to play was also by no means without significant resonance in musical history.

Obviously, the reason for this concert taking place at this time was the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Horowitz's American debut. Then, on January 12, 1928, he played the famous Tchaikovsky Concerto under Sir Thomas Beecham with this same orchestra in this same hall. The passage of half a century has plainly brought elements of the 1928 concert. The pianist himself, however, may have undergone the least of these changes; on the evidence provided by a comparison of his present 1930 recording of the Rachmaninov with Albert Coates and the London Symphony Orchestra, Horowitz's playing has deepened rather than basically altered.

Beecham, of course, is dead. Scores of conductors have led the Philharmonic in the intervening years, and of permanent conductors since then the orchestra has had six—Toscanini, Barbirolli, Rodzinski, Mitropoulos, Borovik, and Boulez. This coming season will see the beginning of the tenure of another, the glamorous Zubin Mehta. The home, having left Carnegie Hall for Lincoln Center in 1962. There it has played in what was originally called Philharmonic Hall. Despite much tinkering with the hall's overbearing and ungrateful acoustics, the space was judged a sonic failure. But following the generous benefactions of Avery Fisher, a successful high-fidelity equipment

manufacturer, the hall (now named for Mr. Fisher) was completely rebuilt. Though improved, the new acoustics remain problematic for the piano and for some orchestral instruments as well. None the less, a vigorously waged public and private campaign, well-financed and broad in scope, is now seemingly successful in drawing artists and audiences away from Carnegie Hall.

More was involved in this concert than the celebration of Horowitz's anniversary. One could not but be reminded of the strong connection between the music Horowitz played, its composer, and American musical life. Rachmaninov thought highly of American orchestras; he most favoured the Philadelphia Orchestra and Eugene Ormandy, its conductor since 1938. With these forces he recorded the Third Concerto in 1939-40, as he did the First in the same years and the Fourth in 1941. In this regard, history but can only regret that a rehearsal of the Third Concerto last month in Carnegie Hall with Horowitz, Ormandy, and the Philadelphia Orchestra—unannounced but said to be in preparation for a concert in Philadelphia—was such a closely guarded secret and that so much concern was shown about any auditors at all being present.

The first performance of the Third Concerto took place in New York in November 1909, with Walter Damrosch conducting the New York Symphony (which was amalgamated with the Philharmonic in 1928) and the composer as soloist. Two months later, in January 1910, Rachmaninov again performed the work in New York, this time with Gustav Mahler and the Philharmonic. And to supply the link between Rachmaninov and Horowitz, it was at a New York recital at the end of the 1920s in the concert basement of Steinway and Sons on 57th Street that Rachmaninov accompanied Horowitz in the Third Concerto at a second piano, and found the younger man's performance overwhelming.

It is hardly surprising, given all these historical associations, that consideration of this month's concert takes on an autumnal cast. Looked at in the light of the past, seems more than ever the last of a vanished breed, the final farewell to the nineteenth-century conception of the pianist as Promethean hero, no longer an orchestra in himself, but rather a musician with his part. Piano concerti since this one of Rachmaninov have been smaller in ambition if not less in accomplishment.

But if so much here looked to the past, this concert was not without significance as a comment on the present musical situation. It is surprising that more press comment was not occasioned



"Outside the Bullring, Madrid," a painting by Sylvia Gosz from the exhibition "Cityscape 1910-39," reviewed opposite.

by Horowitz's insistence on Ormandy as the conductor for his concert. Though Ormandy has had an illustrious career in Philadelphia—and though he is at seventy-eight, rich in honours—he had seldom conducted concerti of the Philharmonic in New York. So while Horowitz's natural desire to play again with a conductor with whom he had worked before can hardly be questioned, his evident unwillingness to use a conductor in the Philharmonic's present stable cannot fall to be seen as a judgment hardly favourable to the stars of the New York concert world—stars who are indeed in some trouble at the box office.

Even more important was the pianist's successful demand—in itself a sign of his preeminence in music—that the concert take place in the more old-fashioned and rich-sounding Carnegie Hall rather than in the up-to-date, streamlined, and still dryly played Fisher Hall. Horowitz never played in Philadelphia when it was a Philharmonic concert hall, for it would seem to be a disingenuous act on his part to play in the new acoustical guise, he still refuses to play there now—though he has made a foray into Lincoln Center, to give a recital at the

Metropolitan Opera House in 1974. It is thus clear that beyond a pianist's understandable sentimentality to return to play his fiftieth anniversary concert at the place of his debut, there may well be a weighty verdict on the newer hall.

In this way, Vladimir Horowitz's most recent New York appearance suggests that for him, as for several important orchestras among the Twenties' and Thirties' generation, the music of today's important hall and photographs covering a little of remains, despite the use of a deluxe same ground but in greater depth new Fisher Hall, New York's new concert hall, have been overlooked, though it has changes to improve still further the sound of Fisher Hall could be welcomed, as two large concert halls would seem to be a minimum for New York's musical life. It is hard enough to find this world-city is unique in possessing only one full-time concert-giving orchestra. In any case, music lovers can only wish that the new hall, for it would seem to be the result of the present competition were to be a disappearance of a distinguished older hall in favour of a straggly hatched, if not as yet totally satisfactory, newer one.

Searching for the sublime

By Tim Hilton

Robert Motherwell has attracted more faint praise in the thirty years of his exhibiting career than any other painter one can think of. The literature is voluminous, respectful and unimpassioned. The youngest, but not by far the wisest, of the great generation of Abstract Expressionists, he has stood somewhat apart from his contemporaries. A Yale-born, college-educated, from a background that spared him their hardships, in art and life like he has always seemed the east dramatic of the group. The exhibition now at the Royal Academy, however, is designed to assert his continuing importance, as catalogue by Terence Maloon and H. H. Arnason's lavish monograph (251pp, New York: Harry N. Abrams, Distributed by New English Library, £22.50) both invite, sometimes demand, our enthusiasm for the artist.

For a number of Motherwell's pictures—much from his earlier rather than his later years—one can feel an immediate sympathy. It is a pleasure to see "The Little Spanish Prisoner," a modestly proportioned painting made of lemon yellow vertical stripes alternating with greyed whites, one momentary brush-placed across them. "Ulysses," too, is a beguiling piece, though I doubt if that was its intention. Indeed, the way that it is swiftly painted on to a crate top seems deliberately brusque, as if Motherwell wished to roughen his sensibility by his choice of support: somewhat

akin to his early collages, which used non-art wrapping paper to give abruptness to a conception which otherwise might seem too suave a remodelling of Picasso.

The most famous of these collages for instance, "Pantho Villa, Dead or Alive," evidently derives from Picasso's "The Studio" (1929), by this time in the Museum of Modern Art. Terence Maloon suggests that another French painting, Matisse's "Bathers by a River" (for long in a 57th St gallery), had a more lasting effect, especially as Motherwell's art became more ample in size, I suppose this to be so, and wish that the painting of the 1940s could have been more thoroughly documented by Mr Arnason. Unfortunately, much has been lost or destroyed. But it seems clear that the apprentice Motherwell would have had a wide choice of exemplars and that he would have come more freshly to them than older American painters. A French speaker, he was on several terms with refugees such as Mondrian, Duchamp, Léger, Ernst and others while still in his twenties. They were his masters. In many ways he seems more attuned to such artists than to his American contemporaries.

Of them, Mr Arnason's book says little. The strongest impression we have of the New York school being a school, with all that entails, is in his descriptions of Motherwell's writings and lecturing. But all the meetings and the seminars, the "Documents of Modern Art," the one-issue magazine "Possibilities," the contributions to "Tiger's Eye," came at a time of indecision in Motherwell's painting in the early 1950s, when he was still unsure of his gauge from the exhibition how

Motherwell's style grew at this period. My suspicion is that the best work had relatively minor ambitions. I cannot follow Mr Arnason in his contention that the paintings Motherwell now began, the "Elegies to the Spanish Republic," are a central achievement of Abstract Expressionism. Arnason believes that they are "among the most important paintings of the twentieth century." They are certainly among the most self-important. This series (to date there are 135 of them) of huge paintings are in black on white. Strongly vertical blocks alternate with avoid shapes, sometimes mingling, or overlapping, sometimes not. They are best seen from afar and, according to Mr Arnason, best seen if one concurrently bears in mind the stark contrasts that he suggests between freedom and repression, life and death, vulva and phallus. All that aside, however, they look formulaic, pat, and too deliberately consequential.

The "Elegies" are better in their occasional miniaturizations. That is not only because they then shed the freight of meaninglessness. It is also because Motherwell is not then obliged to make his brush-work large areas of canvas. For the natural tendency of his application is to paint round a shape, or over it, and where his brush is removed from such a shape it falters, in his assertion, appears to be waving. Pictures of a modest size or those that employ a lot of calligraphy, feel more authentic. The "Homely Protestant" (the title is from Joyce) and the "Je t'aime" series, in which those words are written on the canvas, could have represented a more fruitful route

than Motherwell's search, which continues, for the sublime. Mr Arnason provides the startling interpretation that the paintings of the late 1960s known as the "Open" series (in which, characteristically, three lines forming three sides of a rectangle are placed high up on a canvas awash with a single colour, variously inflected) represent an admonition to more recent painters. They are to consider themselves rebuked for their aestheticism and eschewal of grand subject-matter.

In contrast, Mr Maloon stresses Motherwell's familiarity with Plato, Beckett, Proust, Mallarmé, and so on. This is unfortunate, for the "Open" paintings can in no way compare with the best abstract painting of the 1960s. There are too many of Motherwell's late works in this show and too much importance is attached to them by his commentators. I find Motherwell's ambitions embarrassing and look for the fine art in the collages, which are so often truer than his large-scale ruminations. And there are some paintings which we can treasure, for themselves and for an affinity to another artist mentioned by Mr Arnason, nor Mr Maloon. That is Braque, who appears and reappears in Motherwell. In this show, the 1951 "Doorway with Figure" and 1954 "Fishes with Red Stripes" remind one of this master. Beyond in the Museum of Modern Art, "The Voyage" and the 1964 "Dublin 1916, with Black and Tan" seem, in Mr Arnason's excellent colour reproductions, to be rather magnificently within his spirit. The exhibition closes on February 26.

The Stagecraft of Aeschylus

Observations on the Dramatic Use of Exits and Entrances in Greek Tragedy

Oliver Taplin

By examining the timing and manner of exits and entrances in Aeschylus, this book approaches the use of stage action as an essential element in the dramatist's overall meaning. Many problems of staging, construction, authenticity, and text are illuminated in the course of an original critical appraisal of the Greek tragedians as theatrical craftsmen. £20

Lanfranc of Bec

Margaret Gibson

This is an original and penetrating study of an outstanding figure of medieval life. Lanfranc's life (1005-89) fell into three main periods: first, as a teacher in northern Italy and France; then as a monk in Normandy; and finally as archbishop and statesman in England. The author gives a new insight into Lanfranc as a scholar and pioneer commentator on the Pauline Epistles, and also relates significant aspects of his career to the contemporary background of Church and government. £8.50

Imperialism at Bay

The United States and the Decolonization of the British Empire 1941-45

Wm. Roger Louis

Roosevelt once said to Churchill: "The British would take land anywhere in the world even if it were only rock or a sand bar," and Churchill had similar misgivings about the Americans. Roosevelt and other American officials hoped to liquidate the British Empire by placing all colonial territories under international supervision. This book examines these wartime disputes on the basis of recently released archival material and private papers. £12.50

The End and the Beginning

Pakistan 1989-71

Herbert Feldman

A useful contribution. He is very readable and has a gift for setting out all essential facts with both brevity and clarity. It conveys the flavour and nuances of Pakistani politics in a manner and measure in which they are not available from any other source. The Times of India. £8

The Financing of Economic Development

W. T. Newlyn

The aim of this book is to consolidate and add to existing knowledge of the economic aspects of financial development. The analytical first part is followed by case studies drawn from three south Asian and four African countries. The book is intended for courses in development, but will be intelligible to any reader with a minimal knowledge of economic analysis. £10

The metropolitan line

By Richard Calvocoressi

on the principal issues underlying this exhibition: it is good that they have now been given the opportunity to illustrate their arguments extensively. The twentieth-century artist's response to his mechanized industrial environment, as to the increasingly monolithic forces controlling it, is the subject of "Cityscape". It is accompanied by an illustrated catalogue containing two essays, "Concerning Images of the Metropolis" by Ian Jeffrey and "From Order to Chaos: the City" by Jeffrey and Mellor together.

In the first essay Jeffrey contrasts the different visual languages evolved by German, British and American artists in their attempts to come to grips with the traumatic experience of modern city life. The many of these images should have expressed themselves in apocalyptic terms, resuscitating an old but not extinct tradition, is not surprising. I saw "Cityscape" at the Laing Art Gallery in Newcastle which houses a number of the paintings, highly charged canvases, including "The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah" a noble ancestor of Ludwig Meidner's "Apocalyptic City" of 1913. Nearby hung Neilson's "Searchlights" (c. 1914), whose cold, prismatic radiance represents a quite different conception of the "city of light".

The urban visions of Grosz, Dix and Beckmann, which account for about one sixth of the total number of exhibits, are infused with a darkness of mood similar to the mood one senses in Meidner's painting. Beckmann surely ranks as the greatest German allegorist of this century, a supreme myth-maker, whose hectic canvases ("Night" of 1918 is probably the most moving and most terrifying) unconsciously lose much of their impact transposed into the tighter medium of lithography.

Cold colours and a deliberately ugly manner of drawing with paint are startlingly original features of his art; in his graphic work as it is shown in the exhibition, there is an equally angry line, but the prints are a far less convincing medium. Beckmann operates best on a large scale. Nevertheless, the series of lithographs with titles such as "Hell", "City Night" and "Berlin Journey" which he executed in the years after the First World War, testify to his wish, in

to repopulate the imagination of his time."

The work of Grosz and Dix belongs more properly to the realm of satire. Grosz's creatures, drunk over café tables or parading their gaudy bodies down streets peopled with the old and the crippled, their expressions as vacant as the empty envelopes they carry, are shown simultaneously clothed and naked, humiliated but also lusting at raw pleasures for sale. His "Metropolis", an early oil of 1917, both winces at and celebrates the low life of the city. Like all good painters, Grosz cannot prevent himself from acknowledging the seductiveness of his material: his art springs from this tension. Much the same could be said of Dix, whose street scenes of the 1920s prove that like Grosz he looked to Expressionism for conveying his ambiguous feelings about the glittering dirt of modern city life.

Grosz offers an overwhelming premonition of the end of Weimar Berlin, of a society hurtling chaotically, erotically, through splintered streets to its doom—a very different picture from that presented by the camera-eye of Walter Ruttmann in his film of 1927, *Berlin, Symphony of a City* (musical memory, of course, of the early years of the century). Ruttmann's formalist concerns and unemotive stance have affinities with the work of American photographers and painters such as Paul Strand, Louis Lozowick and Charles Sheeler, all of whom are well represented in the exhibition. Neilson, who visited America in 1919 and 1920, painted one extraordinary picture of New York, "The Soul of a Souleater", which could almost be a still from Ruttmann's film, were it not for the deeply ironical title. It is also strikingly similar to Herman Post's lithograph of Berlin's metropolitan railway, made shortly before he emigrated to America in 1923.

What distinguishes the American from the European painting in the exhibition is the preponderance of cool, bright colours—a gleaming, ice-cream-coloured city, "Waterfront, Manhattan" (1929), by Peter Blume, who studied to be a commercial artist, is an image which prods one into reflecting on the jurisdictional urban and American origins of Pop art.

Lyonal Feininger, a German-American who began his career, like Grosz, as an illustrator and cartoonist, ended up painting symbolic pictures of crystalline architecture bathed in light in which the forms and energies of the city are dissolved. Using the Cubist grid structure and interpretation of transparent planes, he created visionary cities. The crystal was an immensely potent symbol for artists and architects alike in Germany during the early years of the century. Paul Scheerbart, in his book *Glass Architecture* (1913) and Bruno Taut in *Alpine Architecture* (1919) dreamed of sparkling cities of coloured glass based on the structure of the crystal. Ludwig Meidner also thought in terms of celestial cities: in 1923 he designed a set for the film *The Street*, which shows the glowing city at night high in the background, as in medieval religious paintings.

A brief section at the end of the catalogue is devoted to the solutions proposed by architects and planners to the problems of the modern city. The Bauhaus, the German Bauhaus, Le Corbusier's Ville Radieuse were all seen as healthy practical alternatives to the mass housing of the nineteenth century. Contemporary opinion judges them, and the work that followed from them, to have been as demoralizing as the cityscapes which they were at such pains to replace.

Complementing the Surrealist exhibition at the Hayward Gallery are two exhibitions at the Camden Arts Centre, Arts and Crafts Road, London NW3. The first covers forty years of the work of Cnroy Maddox, the British painter who was a dedicated adherent of Surrealism from the early 1930s, anticipating the 1936 International Exhibition by several years. For over ten years he refused to show his paintings in England; but since the mid-1960s he has exhibited widely and his work is represented in the Tate and the V and A. The second exhibition, entitled "Surrealism Unlimited", consists of 183 works from the past ten years by artists from twenty different countries, successfully demonstrating that Surrealism, so far from being a dying movement, continues to attract artists today. Both exhibitions run until March 5.

Planetary explanatory

The Royal Institution Christmas lectures for children are a boon to those adults who are weary of being talked down to (or talked out) by scientists and who are hungry for a coherent, closely spaced set of lectures on a well-defined theme. The lecturer was Professor Carl Sagan, Director of the Laboratory for Planetary Studies at Cornell University, and he spoke on the Planets with the requisite lucidity and much eloquence to boot.

The eloquence is familiar to readers of Sagan's scientific work, and, more widely, of his *The Cosmic Connection*. Indeed, the adaptation of this book, with music by the Spheres and stage effects by courtesy of NASA, Sagan took the opportunity to update the text: for example, Viking have now landed on Mars, and Mrs. Ayn Rand (née Rand) into discovering Marx's assumptions about her. But the book's visionary equipment has not been overtaken by events. For it embraces much more than the "selective

suburbs" we are beginning to nose around in. It is no accident that the lectures were entitled *Planets*, for to remind us that our solar system is one of many and its planets all the less unique. To judge from their immobility (except of course when volunteers on our TV screens are liked being taken seriously, and appreciated a delivery which fused wit with scientific rigour—unpompous, unaffable, and only time Sagan risked being laughed at—Gulliver's Travels, the Spanish for something better left untranslated—he was saved by the good effect: the idea that we are playing with the sand of another world, the news that we are becoming a two-planer species, were thus memorably expressed.

Throughout the hardest-worked adjective was "lovely", and the less encompassed both beauty and the quality by which an exceptionally good work may move a specialist to tears of admiration.

Throughout, scientists were presented as guessers (the geologists less flatteringly as able to recognize only what they already know) whose claims of being proved wrong, and those who hobnob with Venusians or ascribe past technological achievements to visiting Martians were firmly excluded from serious discussion by a simple formula: extraordinary evidence.

A formidable performance (why a hat?) followed only by those who are suspicious of fluency and equate simplicity with shallowness. What will the children have made of it? Will they paste their parents for their cosmic insignificance? Or will they be going to do physics believing that extraordinary subjects require extraordinary exponents?

The answers to the TLS Christmas quiz will appear in next week's issue.

THE AFTER
Ellis
All
"A first novel of...
Shamelessly clear...
Not a paragraph in...
ted. A minor...
Times.
"A wonderfully...
book" Neil Hepburn...
"Funny, upper-class...
One of the most...
porary British life...
Waugh, Evening...
DUM
The Old Photo...
Crescent.

RALEIGH
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Chatto
& Windus

Somewhere

Walking down Madison, I suddenly stopped. Stared
Down at the filthy, phthisic, hang-nailed fingers on

My sleeve. Then, at the face, looked:
Dry and dry-wrinkled, cow-patty of age, the eyes,

Not quite lustreless, set therein. "Aint money"—the words
Heaved up from deep and green-dark corridors of phlegm,

"Not money, I'm astin. Ne'er ast no money yit."
So I took my hand out of my pocket. "Jist one thing—

What time you got? That's all. Got business
In Stamford. Important." And patted

The rag of a coat into parliamentary decorum,
To be worthy of the occasion.

"Eleven", I said, "and Grand Central two blocks down."
"I got a watch", he said, producing same. "It's gold.

Jist gits cranky." I saw the watch, saw
Him. Heard him. "My Daddy give it me" he said,

"Far graduation long back." Was gone. Somewhere.
Somewhere to go. Important. Patted coat. I shut

My eyes. Stood. Got bumped by nameless debris—
Human, no doubt, to stretch a point—seeing

Past inner dark, as down a cardboard tube of Time,
The twelve-year-old, far off, the tennis shoes, legs scratched,

Saw dusk of woods, heave of mossed stone, the 22.
In eyes, felt moisture. I blinked, reeled

In the prismatic explosion of soundless light. Thought:
He was going somewhere in joy—that boy.

Who is that boy? I do not know.
I thought, for a moment, I knew, but know only that

Somewhere, far off, is somewhere.

Robert Penn Warren

Public Vices, Private Benefits

Pregnancy goes about frankly and freely, indeed with
pride, while coitus hides itself away like a criminal.
SCHOPENHAUER

In midnight woods, round corners, and in bed
In former days men took the maidenhead
Or sluiced the matron. Here's a finer age
When public copulation's all the rage,
In common spectacles the two-backed beast
Tickles the fancy, decorates the feast.

Then, too, the woman who grew ripe, round,
Displayed her shape and firmly trod the ground.
Was thought a pleasure to the public eye,
An antidote to human misery,
An ark of majesty, a house of bread,
To warm the living and console the dead.

Now as we watch the climax of the f---
We scratch our doxies or bemoan our luck.
All think that if by some strange accident
An egg is waiting as the seed is spent
The consequence is void—no need to blush.
For we can poison, macerate or crush
The frail intruder, test he block the way
Of the night's folly or business of the day.

All's relative in this, I hear one coon
What comes from the good God, what from the Devil,
Which is the murderer and which the victim,
Which is the gull and which the one who tricked him—
These are large matters for the Commonwealth
To be remitted to the priests of health,
Grave doctors of the law, and fancy preachers
With fancy sentiments and foxy features.

Prince, patron, reader, husband, wife, or friend,
Look to the horrid means, the bitter end,
You kill a foetus as you kill a cold.
(For, my dear man, it's less than three months old.)
Then throw it out as garbage or (more prudent)
Give it to some investigating student
With buoyant and emancipated mind,
Murderous to save and cruel to be kind.
But recollect before you're quite undone
The life you squander is the life you own.

J. M. Cameron

Remembering Iowa

FOR KEITH VAUGHAN, R.I.P.

Learning of your suicide,
The customary calm of your ending
In that methodical way
The remorseless advance of the enemy
You could not stop gaining on you.

I look up
At your paintings of Iowa,
Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Omaha.
Remembering my own journeys
Through that unpopulated landscape
West of Chicago—unpopulated
Because she wasn't with me—my notes

So similar to those scratched
In the margins of your drawings,
Indelible as if it was them
I travelled through
Not the real thing, that emptiness
Spilling its way to the Pacific.

You observed:
"Red oxide burns with silver pinnacles"
"Pink pigs bursting from black earth like truffles"
"Ochre sticks of corn stubble"
"Space and sun"

And approaching Omaha
"For Sale—Night Crawlers"
"The air of expectation: of probing contacts"
"Extraordinary prevalence of mushrooms,
Neon-lit and glittering like cinemas"

What you drew
Were the black barns and white timbered houses
Reminding you of Essex,
Snow patches and corn stacks,
Silos erect on the countryside like penises
The starched white
Of fences protective of loneliness

I am in Iowa again,
Landlocked and frozen
In a numbing death of the spirit—
You knew before your own
How many forms death takes.

Alan Ross

A Dream

I had a dream on good authority
That fastened on me like a stitch in skin.
Construct a boat, God said, along these rivers
And spread the plan out on his cloudy knee.

So many cubits wide, and here the masts,
And make the hull as large as an hotel.
The animals, of course. Reptiles? and bug?
Each animal, and two of those in love.

There will be forty nights without a star
And forty days go by without a sun
And when the clouds break there will be nowhere
Till oceans find another hemisphere.

That dream was some time past. The fields are full
Of grain, the mating creatures now give birth
I come home evenings a puzzled man,
Hearing the infants cry, touching the solid earth.

I tell the dream and reason thus with Shem:
"Dear boy, I say, if we construct this thing,
The flood may come and we will be the cause.
God does not act until his will is done."

"The earth will all be ours, though," says Shem:
"Imagine, all the ground from here to night,
And God will fix his eye on us alone
And make our offspring rich, our furrows full."

Japhet is lazy. When I worry him
He says, "Let's have it built, then we can sleep
For forty days under the cure of God
And settle later in a quiet grove."

Ham is a craftsman, handy with a saw.
I hardly told the dream when he began
Pricing old planks and readying his tools.
He worries me, his eye on deities.

Shem tallies, Japhet dreams, and Ham prepares.
Our neighbours have heard nothing though the waves
Hang over them and I could make it break.
I don't believe the dream was meant for me.

Michael Schmidt

To the Editor

'The Politics of the Judiciary'

Sir—Bernard Crick has got himself into such a muddle about my view of J. A. G. Griffith's *The Politics of the Judiciary* that he attributes to me precisely the opposite argument from the one I actually presented (Letters, January 13).

He did not deny the tension between law and justice; on the contrary my whole argument rested on it. And will happily award Professor Crick prize if he can show anything in my review to license such advice which he attributes to me) as "Better suffer judicial error or bias... than discredit law itself". My argument was in fact that injustice is the fundamental category of legal fiction, and that Professor Griffith's attempt to get behind this legal category and exhibit law as a political, or Conservative, or socialist, or any other non-legal category involves unavoidable illogicalities. I suggested that what looks at first like a penetrating revelation of the hidden determinants of law runs out to be incompatible with recognition of the idea of law at all.

It was in this context that I presented a *reductio ad absurdum* by assembling five proposals scattered rough *The Politics of the Judiciary* and arguing that they jointly implied the conclusion that all criminal trials are categorically unjust. The latter proposition is equivalent to the view that all criminal trials are political, in which form the security is actually embraced by a Bander-Mainhof gang and sundry her terrorists. I specifically said at Professor Griffith did not state in doctrine, and I never for a moment suggested that he believed it. In fact, the argument could not have been the *reductio* I intended, since, far from being "the nastiest" of Professor Crick can remember an academic review, the argument, with its topical reference, is of a slur at all.

My argument would fall, of course, if it turned out that one or more of these propositions were not affirmed by Professor Griffith; or it could be shown that they did entail the absurdity I thought detected. If either of these things were to be shown, I hope I should be heartily "pay the penalty" deserved by ignorance, which must surely be to receive instruction from the wise. But Professor Crick's slipshod misreadings and diversionary vaudiville about parrots and schools of thought hardly amount to that.

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Czeslaw Milosz

Sir—John Bayley's account (December 2, 1977) of Czeslaw Milosz's *Emperor of the Earth* is incisive and penetrating. But to describe the greatest living Polish poet as a "critic and philosopher" is—to his countrymen at least—as astounding as it would be to refer to T. S. Eliot as a literary critic.

Your readers may be interested to learn that Milosz's investigation of what Mr Bayley defines as "the Russian mystics' science fiction" has since been carried much further in what seems to me one of the most powerful and original contemporary contributions to the history of ideas, published recently in Polish by the Paris publishing house of *Kultura* under the title *The Land of Uro* (a reference to William Blake, who is one of the major figures in this book).

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'Russian Thinkers'

Sir—In her interesting introduction to Sir Isaiah Berlin's *Russian Thinkers*, reprinted in full in the TLS on December 30, Alison Kelly refers to "the revolution of 1825 which had sought to make Russia a constitutional state on the Western model". Which model and what revolution? She presumably refers to the attempted overthrow of the Tsarist government by the "Decembrists". But the attempt failed, no revolution took place and, in any case, the Decembrists were divided among themselves and had no common constitutional aim. Perhaps the most influential of them, had little use for any Western constitution. He regarded the American, British and French constitutions with aversion and their parliamentary systems with contempt. In his view, England and

France were democracies as real as, but more hypocritical and in some ways less efficient than, the Russian variety. The latter was, therefore, preferable, but he was a dictator who followed eventually (when?) by a republican form of government with, however, no rights for the constituent nations of the Russian Empire, except for Poland which would become a Russian protectorate.

Since this is the only constitution proposed by the Decembrists in any detail it must be assumed that it is the one Dr Kelly is referring to. But I am not clear which Western model she has in mind.

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Lord Acton

Sir—John Kenyon in his review of January 6 is less than just to Acton the historian. One can agree to differ over the quality and scholarship of his corpus and concede that Acton's pursuit of the chimera of definitive history parallels from the very start any attempt at a major and sustained historical achievement (although one doubts whether Kenyon's suggestion that a bad press for the papacy deterred a projected history of that office, this from a Catholic who had once referred to the papacy as "the fiend skulking behind the Crucifix"). Kenyon is at liberty to outdo Acton in his role as hanging judge, but to suggest that a historian who had read and absorbed the writings of Descartes, Pascal, Leibniz and Hegel, Smith, Turgot, Ricardo and Malthus, and had brought Marx's neglected *Das Kapital* to Gladstone's attention, was indifferent to philosophy and economics, is surprising and misleading.

Kenyon refers to the absence of a draft of the projected History of Liberty and entirely neglects Acton's two addresses on "The History of Freedom in Antiquity and Christianity" delivered in 1877 which, when supplemented by his review of Sir Ernest May's *Democracy in Europe* published the following year, constitutes a distinct draft outline of the unwritten history. But these have already been damagingly dismissed as "flack essays and book reviews" which, Kenyon considers, alone make up Acton's meagre legacy.

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'Books for the People'

Sir—I was interested to read Richard Hoggart's review "Books for the People" (December 30) but regret that it degenerated into a diatribe against the public library for providing a recreation service. Unfortunately, the library is not a simple entity catering for a specific class of population. It ranges from large city reference libraries to rural mobile libraries and its primary duty is not to the idea of "self-improvement" but to serve the community in which it operates, and it is fair to say that it is in this function. From this, it does not follow that librarians should be "catholic" in their buying but rather the reverse: a high degree of selectivity is required to match the book stock to the community. Consequently, Mr Hoggart's other arguments on "any-reading myths" are not so much wrong as irrelevant, and whether there are any "working classes who seek enlightenment" or "intelligent laymen" is not something to be determined on a principle or on a national scale but as an attribute of a section of a particular community.

The first duty of the librarian is not to some principle, however integrated, but to a distinct group of people.

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Public Schools

Sir—I should like to comment on Paul Smith's largely dismissive and apparently damaging review of my book *The Public School Phenomenon* (December 30).

He complains that "major developments... are often only vaguely sketched". He cites only one—the liberalizing of the public schools which I place "say from 1958". Where, precisely, would Mr Smith situate the development of Victorian moral attitudes? Or the ideas we characterize under the heading *Romanticism*? Or the collapse of the *ancien régime* in France? Most, if not all, large-scale social or intellectual developments are by their nature historically "vaguely sketched". Nearly everyone would agree that our society has become freer in various ways over the past twenty-five years (where would Mr Smith situate that?). What took place in the public schools was part of this movement and first became evident on any scale at the end of the 1950s. I accordingly placed it there.

He says I gloss "pseudo-knowledge" which I do not know how to use. His example is my use of *subject homo-eroticism*. This is a clinical type postulated by Edgar Friedenberg in a book *The Vanishing Adolescent*. "These are men who have great anxiety about heterosexual relations and therefore remain in the erotic attitudes of pre-adolescence. They see young adolescents taking the next step of development which they were unable to take, and identify with them. The feeling of a man of this sort towards boys is tender, and often over-protective, since he is by definition over-anxious." Now, the postulates of psychoanalytic theory are not sacrosanct. They can be argued about. But I should like to know just how and why Mr Smith is able to dismiss this as false knowledge. What is his evidence? What are his arguments? To say I do not know how to use it is rubbish. The subject I was dealing with was nineteenth-century attitudes to homosexuality. Friedenberg's postulate throw light on a certain type of schoolmaster who became noticeable then. I therefore placed it there.

Mr Smith now moves "more seriously" to other charges. I show "lack of caution" because I apply the findings of Kinsey to the nineteenth century. If I had used Kinsey's findings to discuss, for instance, social attitudes or practices I should indeed show lack of caution. But I do not. I have been amazed at the mixture of ignorance and horror English reviewers have shown over the very careful and limited use of Kinsey.

Two points must be made here. Kinsey's massive study was called *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male*. That was his subject. It was not meant—and is not considered—simply as a study of twentieth-century Americans. It has never been superseded and none of the findings in this volume (aside from doubts) has been seriously challenged.

Second, it seems likely that at a very basic level human beings are not only the same all over the world but have been so for millennia. Certainly, where Kinsey found basic patterns of this sort, they have been corroborated by both past and subsequent research in widely differing cultures. Certain findings are supported by the very little we know of the past (I cite Acton and Mayhew in this respect for the nineteenth century). If Mr Smith wishes to challenge my use of Kinsey in this very basic, very limited way it behooves him to produce evidence that nineteenth-century adolescents were any different from twentieth-century adolescents as regards basic drives and patterns.

He juxtaposes two sentences in seeming contradiction—that the public schools around 1914 led to too great a loss of individuality, at the same time producing people who retained this quality. But there is no contradiction. Repressive institutions, as various studies show, do not necessarily produce repressed inmates. Some escape—or have their individuality spurred on. The essence of my argument was that the public schools of the time—producing a mass of conformists and a much smaller number of non-conforming individuals—were quite probably ideal for furnishing a military machine (and ideal for little else).

Finally, he again places two widely separate sentences together in "contradiction". The first, that public schools helped divide England; the second, that they help explain the cohesion in British society between, approximately, 1830 and 1940. But naturally, leaves out the qualifying second half of the sentence he quotes, which attempts to show how this seeming contradiction actually produced a tension: that the cohesion was peculiar, false, almost illusory—operating in war but in fact leading our society to begin to pull apart in peace. The hypothesis is a complicated one and I put it forward extremely tentatively.

In fact these are all complicated and difficult questions. They are all arguable—and on the last in particular I should have welcomed reasoned comment and disagreement. Mr Smith, by his coarse handling of complex matters and crude counter-assertion without producing reasons or evidence (in two cases, none exists), has added nothing of value to the discussion.

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Tending to the theoretical

By Nicholas Mann

PAUL MAURICE CLOGAN (Editor):
Medievalia et Humanistica
Number 7: Medieval Poetics
209pp. Cambridge University Press.
£9.50.

The early Islamic poet Farazdaq justified his poetry of adulatory by declaring that "what the poets say, they do not do," but at least the imagination could enjoy adulatory at the level of text. One trouble with the latest volume of *Medievalia et Humanistica* is that what the title says, the book does not do. A suspicion nurtured by the slight unevenness of the editor's preface is quickly confirmed by further reading: *Medieval Poetics* has very little to do with medieval poetry, unless by that one is to understand medieval poetry in the broadest sense. Seven of the twelve main

articles are allegedly devoted to poetics, yet at the most three of them deal specifically with problems of poetic theory.

That the volume lacks coherence is not entirely the contributors' fault, however, and should not be allowed to overshadow the presence of some valuable studies which both delineate little-known topics and point the way for new research. O. B. Harrison Jr, for instance, lays the foundations for a future history of medieval literary criticism, which will need to concentrate on Latin writings, to solve a workable definition of its subject-matter and a clear historical articulation over a thousand years of literature, and to challenge many widely held assumptions. All this is useful. But it is surprising to find Richard of Burg's *Philosophy*, finished in 1344, classified as twelfth-century encyclopedic work, and to read as evidence for Boccaccio's medievalism the statement that his writings were comprehensible to his virtual contemporary Pierre Bersuire, here apparently seen as coeval with the twelfth-

century scholar Bernard Silvestre. The future history will need to be better articulated than this.

N. Piretta and D. G. Hughes both in different ways examine the relationship between musical theory and performance, the first through the "almost unique musical poetics" of Guido d'Arezzo, and the second in an exemplary analysis of the interaction between music and metre in liturgical poetry. Both articles are valuable for an understanding of the vernacular lyric (with which they are not concerned), since this was for so long as much a matter of performance as of text. R. P. Scheinidin examines the views of Rabbi Moshe Ibn Ezra on the legitimacy of poetry in a lucid and well articulated analysis of his *Book of Discussion and Conversation*, the only complete work of poetic theory to emerge from the Golden Age of the Hebrew literature of Muslim Spain. He concludes that it is at once a critique and a defence of poetry, and deals in particular with the problems arising from the moral association about poetry expressed by early Islamic theologians, a topic

which is the central concern of J. A. Bonebrake. These two articles shed some comparative light, at a certain angle, upon the discussions of poetic inspiration and the question of the falseness of poetry much to occupy later generations of European poets.

D. delta Terra proposes a list of "paralogisms" to guide the student through the vicissitudes that Dante's intellectual biography has undergone at the hands of the critics: a series of critical summaries of critical views that serves as pretext for (or pre-text to) a note on the use of Brunetto Latini's *Treasure in Inferno* XV. W. Wetherbee examines some medieval theoretical writings on the imagination, and then proposes to demonstrate how the theory was reflected in the "new love poetry". This ill-defined term embraces the *Carmina Burana*, the *Canzone di Rube*, and a passage that simply does not exist in its original form (the discovery of the lovers by King Mark in Thomas's *Tristan*) and therefore scarcely warrants the close analysis it is given; there is no attempt furthermore to acknowledge the distinctive generic exigencies of lyric and romance, or to define what is meant by *fin amor*, or even to quote a single vernacular lyric text in which it occurs.

P. Dembowski pleads the case of hagiography with conviction, showing its importance for an understanding of the medieval mind. He states a series of instances of hagiographic magical devices being used as a way of developing psycho-

logical meaning and human value by Marie de France and in the poems in particular. D. M. Clogan publishes two new verse commentaries on the ending of *Beowulf*: *Paraphrase*; Lee W. Patterson analyses the penitential literature traditions which lie behind Chaucer's *Parson's Tale*, and proposes an interpretation in terms of an interpretation of the terms of the characteristics and consequences of the shift towards theism in fourteenth-century poetry. There are in addition a number of shorter notices, but regrettably no index.

It is not simply that in failing to live up to its title the volume missed (as did perhaps the editors) what was now agreed to have been its earliest habitat, the upland savannas which stretch from southern Ethiopia to the Cape. It is only during the past twenty years, with the emergence of African history in its own right, and above all with the application of the radiocarbon dating technique, that some research effort has been spared for the prehistory of this region. For thirteen of these years David Phillipson has been active as an archaeologist of the later Stone Age and of the Iron Age, and as Director of the National Monuments Commission of Zambia, and more recently as Assistant Director of the British Institute in Eastern Africa. He has excavated in Zambia, Kenya and Ethiopia. His research publications have been outstanding both for professional rigour and for clarity of exposition. Now he has presented a much-needed synthesis of his work, summarizing the present state of knowledge in this field.

PREHISTORY

The receding of the waters

By Roland Oliver

D. W. PHILLIPSON:
The Later Prehistory of Eastern and Southern Africa
323pp. Heinemann. £10.50 (paperback, £4.90).

The main interest of archaeologists in eastern and southern Africa has long been, and will doubtless remain, the search for man's origins and early evolution in what is now agreed to have been his earliest habitat, the upland savannas which stretch from southern Ethiopia to the Cape. It is only during the past twenty years, with the emergence of African history in its own right, and above all with the application of the radiocarbon dating technique, that some research effort has been spared for the prehistory of this region. For thirteen of these years David Phillipson has been active as an archaeologist of the later Stone Age and of the Iron Age, and as Director of the National Monuments Commission of Zambia, and more recently as Assistant Director of the British Institute in Eastern Africa. He has excavated in Zambia, Kenya and Ethiopia. His research publications have been outstanding both for professional rigour and for clarity of exposition. Now he has presented a much-needed synthesis of his work, summarizing the present state of knowledge in this field.

Following a severely brief survey of the Later Stone Age industries practised by hunter-gatherers during most of the past 20,000 years, Dr Phillipson turns to his theme with a really excellent discussion of the "preparation for the food-producing revolution" which occurred throughout the Saharan belt of Africa during the period of high rainfall lasting from about 9000 until about 5000 BC. At this time the savannas and rivers flowing from the Saharan mountains into the drainage systems of the Niger and the Nile, Lake Chad attained the dimensions of the Caspian Sea. In northern East Africa the great lakes Rukwa, Lake Rudolf and Lake Tanganyika were higher than their present level, and the Chalki desert to the east of it was covered with water. In these circumstances human populations gathered in semi-permanent settlements by the riversides and lived by fishing, hunting and the intensive gathering of wild cereals. Pottery was invented, and the social background for a farming way of life established.

Into this situation, probably around 3000 BC, came the first food-producers — pastoralists tending southwards — who were to change the landscape and never to revert to desert conditions. They had domestic

cattle, sheep and goats, and perhaps they introduced the principles of plant domestication also, though a long period of experiment and breeding would be necessary before the sub-Saharan cereal grasses — especially the sorghums and the millets — could be transformed into farming crops. As the rivers and lakes receded, therefore, the Late Stone Age fishing communities survived by adding a pastoral dimension to their economy. Agriculture as a way of life would gather momentum only late in the second millennium BC — and then only in the regions to the north of the equatorial forests. Africa south of the equator had missed out on the "preparation" and would have to wait for the introduction of food-producing until the eve of the Iron Age. Only in the areas adjacent to the eastern Rift Valley did pastoral food production make a small dent into this sparsely populated world of Later Stone Age hunting

and gathering that stretched from the equator to the Cape.

The heart of Phillipson's book is concerned with the nearly simultaneous diffusion of the Bantu-speaking peoples from their heartlands in and around the Congo forest to become the main population group in Africa south of the equator.

Thus far, nearly all informed readers who have followed the progress of research in recent years will agree with Phillipson's conclusions, and they will be grateful for his clear, succinct and up-to-date presentation of the archaeological facts. Where many will part company with him will be in his interpretation of the final stages of his story. This concerns the period around the beginning of the present millennium, when the essential uniformity of the Early Iron Age in eastern and southern Africa was superseded by a variety of later Iron Age traditions. To this reviewer it seems very clear that in most of East Africa the change from

the Early to later Iron Age industries was due to the extensive penetration of this region by Nilotic peoples from the southern Sudan. From Zambia southwards a very different set of influences was at work, probably emanating as Phillipson's own researches have done so much to indicate, from technological innovation and population increase in the mineral-rich region of southern Zaïre. On Phillipson's own admission, the archaeological evidence points to a diversity of origins and causes for the transition from the Early to the later traditions. Yet he has elected to associate them all with a completely hypothetical "second layer" of Bantu linguistic expansion radiating outwards from southern Zaïre and extending to every part of eastern and southern Africa during the brief period between about AD 1000 and about AD 1500. This is gratuitous and confusing. It makes a disastrous finish to a fine book.

The philologist's comeback

By K. C. Phillipps

N. F. BLAKE:
The English Language in Medieval Literature
190pp. Dent. £7.95.

Up till the Second World War it was usual, at least in England, to teach Old and Middle English literary texts as though they were simply philological documents. ... With the growth of critical studies in modern English literature ... teachers of medieval literature have increasingly directed their students' attention to the literary excellences of their texts. In this process the language has been relegated to a position of unimportance.

One must agree with Norman Blake's concluding remarks. As a result of the increasing tendency of the philologically minded to devote their whole attention to syntactic and lexicographical studies, the study of language has taken on an embittered, under-nourished aspect. Its position relative to the rest of the English syllabus is apt to be that of a curate at the table of a wealthy eighteenth-century landowner: there on sufferance, to be dismissed without the full complement of courses. One feels that Professor Blake is right to deplore the absence of a linguistic basis for some recent rash interpretations of texts; to be sceptical, for instance, of a cautionary chapter entitled "Word-Play", of the suggestion that the author of the Old English poem *Exodus* was so "tickle of the sere"

to conceal a pun (albeit, doubtless, a very serious pun roughly every twenty-five lines). He is also right to direct our attention to a much likelier kind of word-play, more often recommended by the medieval rhetoricians — namely, clinging the changes on combinations of repeated sounds.

In the first three chapters of *The English Language in Medieval Literature* new and valuable material is introduced, but much of the book is devoted to the discussion of forbidden fruits. We must not, for example, expect close allusions to other authors, of the kind to be found in contemporary French literature, emanating from small courtesans attached to the courts of local nobles. We can never argue about correct usage, mainly, because English was not a taught language; there were no grammars and virtually no dictionaries. Nor should we trust editors much. The third chapter Professor Blake deals with a subject, which, as editor of many texts, is dear to his heart: the limitations and fallibilities of the editorial process.

We cannot be confident, either, about levels of style: where there is no fixed standard, the style of any sort of slang, argot, class dialect, or archaism is even more uncertain. We are warned against assigning any word exclusively, or even mainly, to one level of language.

the connotations of medieval words must be a matter of much uncertainty. D. S. Brewer is even wrong, it seems, to suggest that *Chaucer's* "high style" is characteristic of Chaucer's "high style". The tenor of the latter part of this book can be summed up by a phrase warning us against puns: "It is, therefore, sensible to be sceptical."

But perhaps it is also sensible to be sceptical about too much scepticism. We ought to be able to say something about medieval literature. Many of us recall the time before D. S. Brewer, Tom Shippey, John Burrow, A. C. Spearing and the other scholars who have effected a quiet revolution in the criticism of medieval literature. It was not a golden age. One hesitated to make any literary judgement about, for example, fourteenth-century poetry for fear of incidentally displaying a lamentable ignorance of the difference between open and close "e". When Professor Blake fails to discern an element of exaggeration, irony and parody in the Chaucerian poem "To Rosemounde", and takes A. C. and J. Spearing to task for being bold enough to notice such qualities, he sees them as proceeding on general principles which he finds unjustifiable.

The first of these is that certain expressions were so well known that any deviation from them implies parody. The second is that in a literature full of stock images, any image which goes beyond the normal range is exaggerated and therefore parodistic.

But it is not possible that the Spearing's were, in fact, resorting to principles here at all? In a way, no, I do not think it would be comfortable to suggest that the *difficillor lectio* principle could be made upon principles; like the *difficillor lectio* principle, mentioned with all due honour in the chapter on the editorial process. But is it not possible that the Spearing's were, in fact, resorting to principles here at all? In a way, no, I do not think it would be comfortable to suggest that the *difficillor lectio* principle could be made upon principles; like the *difficillor lectio* principle, mentioned with all due honour in the chapter on the editorial process.

There are always likely to be rash and silly articles written about Middle English literature; and Professor Blake's book is a timely reminder that specialists on the history of the language are necessary to check the exuberance of some first-year interpreters with no such training. But on this matter, so often where common sense is to be applied, Chaucer has the phrase we should not winnow too drastically that valid interpretation is inhibited.

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Verses of violence

By T. A. Shippey

T. TURVILLE-PETRE:
The Alliterative Revival
152pp. Cambridge: D. S. Brewer.
£7.50.

The thirty or forty poems written in alliterative metre during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have for a couple of decades formed the critical horizon. Three or four of them — *Piers Plowman*, *Sir Gawain*, *Pearl* — are recognizably first-class, and have had their individual excellences well charted. The rest are unread, untaught, often of their existence casts a long shadow over the most accepted judgements upon their more famous fellows, and indeed over the whole late medieval literary scene. We really understand the Gawain poet if we do not know where he is original and where conventional? If it comes to that, can we be confident about any view of medieval poetry if we have no explanation of a verse-form long since dead? Thorlac Turville-Petre's book is accordingly welcome in its attempt to cope with these things, though that many of them remain undiscovered even after he has finished.

The main thesis of *The Alliterative Revival* is that the fourteenth-century movement was a revival, and a bookish one at that, not, as we are so often told, a spontaneous outburst of popular feeling. The book is accordingly welcome in its attempt to cope with these things, though that many of them remain undiscovered even after he has finished.

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The main thesis of *The Alliterative*

هكذا في الأصل

RECTIFICATION
Universiteit van Amsterdam
Vacancy at the Amerika Instituut

**professorship
in American studies**

A detailed application, including a curriculum vitae, a list of publications, a dissertation abstract, and 3 letters of recommendation should be forwarded by airmail not later than March 28, 1978 to the chairman of the nomination committee, Prof. Dr. M. C. Brands, Historisch Seminarium, Universiteit van Amsterdam, Herengracht 286, Amsterdam, The Netherlands, (telephone 020 - 525 2650) to whom applicants may write for further information. Those who wish to recommend candidates are requested to write to the chairman of the nomination committee. Applications and recommendations will be treated confidentially.


Perhaps we could do with a essay about some of the "over-coding" of recent research—the over-coding of labels like "conservative," "radical" in a polarity which obscures the Protestant ground, the tendency to treat theological and religious matters as codes in the history of ideas. The use of labels like *Zwinglianism* and *Walden* is dated. It all seems to lead to *data mining*, where you find a right to a particular writing which drives one fully back to Froode, and to a logical polarity which would make Dixon and Freire bluish.

However, what we see of the young Hoste we like. His figure becomes clear when he is given his own first command, with the rank of acting captain, at the age of eighteen. And what a fine figure he is, too! Square cut, handsome fig., the *beau ideal* of

at the British Library of Political and Economic Science at the London School of Economics, from 1 August, 1978, or as soon as possible thereafter.

The appointment will be on the salary-scale for Senior Librarian, £10,542 to £7,051 a year plus £450 a year London Allowance, and superannuation benefits. In assessing the starting salary, consideration will be given to age, experience, and qualifications.

Applications should be received not later than 14 January, 1978, by the Administrative Officer, Room 6.676, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AE, from whom further particulars and application forms may be obtained.

 **PLYMOUTH
POLYTECHNIC**

**Learning Resources
Centre**

CHIEF CATALOGUER

Salary: £3825-54095
(+supplement range:
£2518.88-£2620.58)

This new post has been established at a time when changes to automated systems are being planned, and offers challenge and demand. Applicants must be professionally qualified graduates with good cataloguing experience preferably with automated systems in a large academic library. Application forms, to be returned by 10th February, 1979, can be obtained with further particulars from the Personnel Officer.

**PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC, BRANDFOUR
PLYMOUTH, PL4 8AA**

**LEEDS AREA HEALTH
AUTHORITY (TEACHING)
EASTERN DISTRICT
Sectoral Hospital
SECTOR LIBRARIAN**

A Librarian, General Administrative Grade is required to operate a service for medical and other professional staff in the Bradford Hepthalea Sector. The post is based at : Sectoral Hospital, Leeds.

The successful applicant will be a qualified Librarian and should ideally have experience of similar work.

Duties in this single-handed post will comprise the following:-
• to coordinate the medical libraries (in hospital throughout the Sector);
• the acquisition of books and their issue. His/Her will control expenditure in operating the service.

Hours: 37 per week, 9.00-5.00 Monday-Thursday; 6.00-8.00 Friday including one hour for lunch.

**Salary: £22,091-25,624,
plus £182, plus 5%.**

A job description and application form is available from the District Personnel Officer, Mr. James A. Unwin, Hospital Management Services, 150 St. James's Street, Leeds LS1 3TF. Tel. 251440, Ext. 5104.

Closing date for receipt of completed application forms: 6th February, 1979.

London NW3 7BE, Tel. : 012
438 9878.
ANTED, BACK NUMBERS TLR:
1975: 2889-3900, 3501, 3502;
1979: 4034 - Mrs. Euton, 39
Clifton Road, Holey, Yorkshire.